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H O M E R ' s

I L I A D.



MEMORIAL

D. A. I. L.



THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE.

VOLUME FIRST.

Te sequor, O Graiae gentis decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod te imitari aveo——— LUCRET.

GLASGOW:

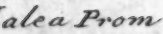
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T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the Father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to

her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
 Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly Goddeſs ſing!
 That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
 The ſouls of mighty chiefs untimely ſlain;
 Whoſe limbs unbury'd on the naked ſhore,
 Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
 Since great Achilles and Atreides ſtrove,
 Such was the ſov'reign doom, and ſuch the will of Jove!
 Declare, O muſe! in what ill-fated hour
 Sprung the fierce ſtriſe, from what offended pow'r?
 Latona's ſon, a dire contagion ſpread,
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
 The king of men his rev'rend prieſt deſy'd,
 And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryſes ſought with coſtly gifts to gain
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father ſtands,
 Apollo's awful enſigns grace his hands;
 By theſe he begs: and lowly bending down,
 Extends the ſceptre and the laurel crown.

He su'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race:

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain;
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phoebus, son of Jove.

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: He, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred fire, and thus reply'd.

Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains:
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And pray'rs and tears, and bribes shall plead in vain;
Till time shall rattle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then: to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil, and weeping fire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:

Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.

O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.

Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring pow'r attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below,
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the 'vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights, thro' all the dusky air,
The Pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the Goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd.

Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?

The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.

But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phoebus dart his burning shafts no more.

He said, and fate: when Chalcas thus reply'd:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:

Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
Why angry Phoebus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For tho' we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides. From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.
Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,

And whose blest oracles thy lips declare ;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the num'rous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand :
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies ;
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest.
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
'Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r,
The priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

The prophet spoke ; when with a gloomy frown
The monarch started from his shining throne :
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
Augur accurst ! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill !
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king ?
For this are Phoebus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord ?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd ;
Is heav'n offended, and a priest profan'd,
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold ?

A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytaemnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.

Yet if the Gods demand her, let her sail:

Our cares are only for the public weal:

Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,

And suffer, rather than my people fall.

The prize, the beauteous prize I will resign,

So dearly valu'd, and so justly mine.

But since for common good I yield the fair,

My private loss let grateful Greece repair;

Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,

That he alone has fought and bled in vain.

Infatiate king (Achilles thus replies)

Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!

Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,

The due reward of many a well fought field?

The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,

We share with justice, as with toil we gain:

But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves,

(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.

Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,

The spoils of Ilium shall thy loss requite,

Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs

Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs.

Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign

With tame content, and thou possessest of thine?

Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,

Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.

At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
 First let the just equivalent be paid;
 Such as a king might ask; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
 Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
 But this when time requires——It now remains
 We launch a bark to plow the watry plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
 And some deputed prince the charge attend;
 This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.

At this, Pelides frowning stern, reply'd:
 O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
 What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me:

To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence removed, the hoarse resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy, th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests shall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the Gods distinguish'd care)
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear:

Strife and debate thy restless soul employ;
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
 If thou hast strength, 'twas heav'n that strength bestow'd,
 For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
 Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;
 But then prepare, imperious-prince! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
 Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
 And hence to all our host it shall be known,
 That kings are subject to the Gods alone!

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,

Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove;
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care)
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confest;
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.

Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.

To her Pelides. With regardful ear
'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.

He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The Goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.
O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre, hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs:
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings)
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,

When shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
 Ere'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
 When rage in bitterness of soul, to know,
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
 His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
 Then sternly silent sate. With like disdain,
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
 Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
 Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd:
 Two generations now had past away,
 Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
 And now th' example of the third remain'd.
 All view'd with awe the venerable man;
 Who thus, with mild benevolence, began:

What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
 That adverse Gods commit to stern debate
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
 A Godlike race of heroes once I knew,
 Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
 Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
 Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?

With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild desarts red with monster's gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise,
Do you, young warriors, here my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride:
Let kings be just, and sov'reign power preside.
Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in strength, and of a Goddess born;
Him, awful majesty exalts above
The pow'rs of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
Let both unite with well-consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it, Gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host.

This said, he ceas'd: The king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect controul.

Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the Gods his matchless force have giv'n;
Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.
Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree:
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; No more Achilles draws
His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause.
The Gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryseis plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn pray'rs.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phoebus' altars paid.
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
'Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.

With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus haste, the fair Briseis bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.

But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to Gods above, and men below,
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Tho' prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.

O parent Goddess! since in early bloom,
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:
Honour and fame at least the thund'rer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promise of a God;
If yon' proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.

Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,

The Goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
 And like a mist she rose above the tide;
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
 Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He deeply sighing said: To tell my woe,
 Is but to mention what too well you know.
 From Thebe sacred to Apollo's name,
 (Action's realm) our conqu'ring army came,
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
 Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils,
 But bright Chryseis, heav'nly prize! was led,
 By vote selected, to the gen'ral's bed.
 The priest of Phoebus sought by gifts to gain
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
 'The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
 Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
 Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:
 The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare,
 The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair;
 Not so Atrides: He, with wonted pride,
 The sire insulted, and his gifts deny'd:
 Th'insulted sire (his God's peculiar care)
 To Phoebus pray'd, and Phoebus heard the pray'r:
 A dreadful plague ensues: Th' avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:

Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseis to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the God relent;
But now he seiz'd Briseis' heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
But Goddess! thou, thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring God.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth, of all th' aetherial host.
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, men Ægeon name)
Thro' wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along;
Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled and ador'd.

This, Goddeſs, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the ſhores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curſe of ſuch a king:
Let Agamemnon liſt his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durſt diſgrace
The boldeſt warrior of the Grecian race.

Unhappy ſon! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celeftial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I born thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averſe, and nurs'd for future woes?
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heav'n to view!
So ſhort a ſpace! and fill'd with ſorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wiſh prevail,
Far, far from Ilion ſhould thy veſſels fail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger ſhun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my ſon.
Yet (what I can) to move thy ſuit I'll go,
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy ſnow.
Mean time, ſecure within thy ſhips from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The fire of Gods, and all th' ætherial train,
On the warm limits of the fartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſts of Æthiopia's blameleſs race;
Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.

Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The Goddess spoke: The rolling waves uncloze;
Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she rose,
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropt their anchors, and the pinnacle ty'd.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseis last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phoebus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said.

Hail rev'rend priest! to Phoebus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this, the fire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately fought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r.

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his pray'r:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley throw,
And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from th'inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youth with instruments surround the fire:
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest.
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And pleas'd dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pacons lengthen'd 'till the sun descends:

The Greeks restor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
'Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoise the mast; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phoebus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
'Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay,
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still amidst his navy fate
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light,
The Gods had summon'd to th' Olympian-height:
Jove first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
Leads the long order of aetherial pow'rs.
When like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
And to the seats divine her slight address.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The thund'rer fate; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.

Suppliant the Goddess stood: One hand she plac'd
 Beneath his beard, and on his knees embrac'd.
 If e'er, O father of the Gods! she said,
 My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
 Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
 And pay in glory what in life you owe.
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
 To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
 Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise
 Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian race,
 Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
 The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
 Not so repuls'd, the Goddess closer prest,
 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.
 O sire of Gods and men! thy suppliant hear,
 Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear;
 Or oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?

She said, and sighing thus the God replies,
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies.

What hast thou ask'd! Ah why should Jove engage
 In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
 The God's complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
 But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,

The nod that ratifies the will divine,
 The faithful, fix'd irrevocable sign;
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows——
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
 The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:
 High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
 And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
 Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
 The shining synod of th'immortals wait
 The coming God, and from their thrones of state
 Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
 Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
 Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
 All, but the God's imperious queen alone:
 Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
 And all her passions kindled into flame.
 Say, artful manager of heav'n (she cries)
 Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
 In vain the partner of imperial state.

What fav'rite Goddess then those cares divides,
 Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?

To this the thund'rer: Seek not thou to find
 The sacred counsels of almighty mind:
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;
 The first of Gods above, and men below;

But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the closs recesses of my soul.

Full on the fire the Goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd, Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controuls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: For late was seen,
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the Goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.

Then thus the God: Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhor'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice; th'immutable decree
No force can shake: What *is*, that *ought* to be.
Goddess, submit; nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;
Th'united strength of all the Gods above
In vain resists th'omnipotence of Jove.

The thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen-reply?
A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw,
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe:

o. pace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
hat roll thus interpos'd the architect divine.
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
et men their days in senseless strife employ,
fway We, in eternal peace, and constant joy.
Thou, Goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky:
Left, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.
If you submit, the thund'rer stands pleas'd;
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.

Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling Nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a chearful way,
Goddess (he cry'd) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th'ethereal height:
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round:
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.

Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.

Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound,
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.

Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,

The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:

Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,

And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

T H E

I L I A D.

B O O K II.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The trial of the army and catalogue of the forces.

JUPITER, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and, upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasi-

on to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie;
Th'immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,
And thus commands the vision of the night.

Fly hence, deluding Dream! and light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth th'embattel'd train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th'impending fall.

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Cloth'd in the figure of the Pylian sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flatt'ring dream deceives the king.

Greeks Can'st thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress'd,
of one Oh Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?
on the All fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heav'nly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattel'd train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.
The phantome said; then vanish'd from his sight,
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought, he sacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,
What mighty toils to either hosts remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murm'ring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw.

Th'embroider'd sandals on his feet were ty'd;
The starry faulchion glitter'd at his side;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.

Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and summon all the bands:
The gath'ring hosts the monarch's word obey:
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a senate of the peers around:
Th'assembly plac'd, the king of men express
The counsels lab'ring in his artful breast.

Friends and-confed'rates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight;
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in mien the same.
The heav'nly phantome hover'd o'er my head,
And, dost thou sleep, oh Atreus' son? (he said)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care.
In just array draw forth th'embattel'd train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;

Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th'impending fall.
This hear observant, and the Gods obey!
The vision spoke, and past in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! since heav'n itself alarms,
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
But first, with caution, try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war?
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine; and yours the province to detain.

He spoke, and fate; when Nestor rising said,
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the vision of the pow'rs divine;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
Forbid it, heav'n! this warning should be lost!
Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.

Thus spoke the sage: The kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
The sceptred rulers lead; the following host
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cliff the shepherd sees
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling and blackning, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;

Dusky they spread, a close embody'd croud,
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
 So, from the tents and ships, a length'ning train
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'er shades the plain:
 Along the region runs a deaf'ning sound;
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
 Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
 Nine sacred heralds now proclaiming loud
 The monarchs will, suspend the list'ning croud.
 Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
 And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
 The king of kings his awful figure rais'd:
 High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:
 The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
 By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
 To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;
 Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
 In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
 To rich Thyestes next the prize descends;
 And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
 Subjects all Argos, and controuls the main.

On this bright Sceptre now the king reclin'd,
 And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd,
 Ye sons of Mars! partake your leaders care,
 Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
 Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
 And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.
 A safe return was promis'd to our toils;
 Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.

Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!
At whose command whole empires rise and fall:
He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towns and armies humble to the dust.
What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
Oh lasting shame in ev'ry future age!
Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.
So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd,
And Greece triumphant held a gen'ral feast,
All rank'd by ten; whole decads when they dine
Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since first the labours of this war begun:
Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
And scarce ensure the wretched pow'r to fly.
Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,
And dream no more of heav'n-defended Troy.
His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.

So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore,
 From east and south when winds begin to rore,
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
 The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.
 And as on corn when western gusts descend,
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend:
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
 With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.
 The gath'ring murmur spreads, their trampling feet
 Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
 With long resounding cries they urge the train
 To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
 They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
 The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
 Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
 And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
 But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
 And sighing thus bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.

Shall then the Grecians fly? Oh dire disgrace!
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?
 Shall Troy, shall Priam, and th' adult'rous spouse,
 In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows!
 And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
 Lie unreveng'd on yon' detested plain?
 No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
 Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.
 Haste, Goddess, haste! the flying host detain,
 Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
 Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;

Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,
 For prudent council like the Gods renown'd:
 Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood,
 Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
 And is it thus, divine Laertes' son!
 Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
 Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
 And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
 Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
 Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed?
 Haste gen'rous Ithacus! prevent the shame,
 Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
 Your own resistless eloquence employ,
 And to th' immortals trust the fall of Troy.

The voice divine confess the warlike maid,
 Ulysses hear'd, nor uninspir'd obey'd:
 Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand
 Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.
 Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,
 He runs, he flies thro' all the Grecian train,
 Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
 He fir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.

Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,
 By brave examples should confirm the rest.
 The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
 He tries our courage, but resents our fears.
 Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
 Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
 Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,
 Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.

But if a clam'rous vile Plebeian rose,
 Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows,
 Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;
 Unknown alike in council and in field!
 Ye Gods, what dastards would our host command!
 Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.
 Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
 That worst of tyrants, an usurping croud.
 To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
 His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd,
 The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.
 Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
 Murm'ring they move, as when old Ocean rores,
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
 The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
 At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
 And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.

Thersites only clamour'd in the throng,
 Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
 Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
 In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
 With witty malice studious to defame;
 Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
 But chief he glory'd with licentious stile
 To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:

His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.
 Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
 And much he hated all, but most the best.
 Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
 But royal scandal his delight supreme.
 Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry Greek,
 Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
 Sharp was his voice; which in the shrillest tone,
 Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.

Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
 What moves the great Atrides to complain?
 'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
 The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
 With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
 Thy tents are crouded, and thy chests o'erflow,
 Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
 What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?
 Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs,
 (The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
 And bring the race of royal bastards here,
 For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
 But safer plunder thy own host supplies;
 Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leaders prize?
 Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
 Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
 Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
 Plagu'd with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
 Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
 In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.

We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes: So great Achilles may:
From him he fore'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat, at this, Ulysses springs,
In gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings,
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies.

Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sov'ring reign.
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips prophane the name of king.
For our return we trust the heav'nly pow'rs;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expell the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the fleet.

He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he sate, and shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears,
While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
Great in the council, glorious in the field.
Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shown.
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd,
Who rising, high th' imperial sceptre rais'd:
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crouds attend.
Th' expecting crouds in still attention hung
To hear the wisdom of his heav'nly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke.

Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
Not such at Argos was their gen'rous vow,
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry.
'Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What could their wives or helpless children more?

What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wint'ry main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal shame!
'Expect the time to Troy's destruction giv'n,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of heav'n.
What past at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;
('Twas where the plane tree spread its shades around)
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Strait to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
Herself the ninth; the serpent as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crush'd the crying young;
While hov'ring near, with miserable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd the children gone.
The mother last, as round her nest she flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster slew:
Nor long surviv'd, to marble turn'd he stands
A lasting progeny on Aulis' sands,

Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.

For while around we gaze with wond'ring eyes,
And trembling sought the pow'rs with sacrifice,

Full of his God, the rev'rend Chalcas cry'd,
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.

This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.

As many birds as by the snake were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:

Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.

Obeys, ye Grecians! with submission wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.

He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,
The hollow ships each deaf'ning shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus——These vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.

Where now are all your high resolves at last?

Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?

Vow'd with libations, and with victims then,

Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!

While useless words consume th' inactive hours,

No wonder Troy so long resists our pow'rs.

Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;

We march to war if thou direct the way.

But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,

The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,

To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,

And view, with envy, our successful wars.

On that great day when first the martial train
 Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main;
 Jove, on the right, a prosp'rous signal sent,
 And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
 Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife,
 'Till ev'ry soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
 'Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
 And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
 Before that day, if any Greek invite
 His country's troops to base, inglorious flight,
 Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly;
 And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
 But now, O Monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
 Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
 Among those counsels let not mine be vain;
 In tribes and nations to divide thy train:
 His sep'rate troops let ev'ry leader call,
 Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
 What chief, or soldier, of the num'rous band,
 Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
 When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
 And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
 If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
 If Gods above prevent, or men below.

To him the king: How much thy years excell
 In arts of council, and in speaking well!
 O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
 But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
 Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
 And soon should fall the haughty tow'rs of Troy!

But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
 In fierce contention and in vain debates.
 Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
 By me provok'd; a captive maid the cause:
 If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
 Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
 But now, ye warriors, take a short repast;
 And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
 His sharpen'd spear let ev'ry Grecian wield,
 And ev'ry Grecian fix his brazen shield,
 Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
 And all for combat fit the rattling car.
 This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
 No rest, no respite, 'till the shades descend;
 'Till darkness, or 'till death shall cover all:
 Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
 'Till bath'd in sweat be ev'ry manly breast,
 With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest.
 Each aking nerve refuse the lance to throw,
 And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
 Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day,
 That wretch, too mean to fall by martial pow'r,
 The birds shall mangle and the dogs devour.

The monarch spoke; and strait a murmur rose,
 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
 That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous rore,
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
 Strait to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;

With hasty feasts they sacrifice and pray
 T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
 A steer of five years age, large limb'd, and fed,
 To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:
 There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
 And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
 Next came Idomeneus and Tydeus' son,
 Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
 Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
 And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
 The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake:
 When thus the king prefers his solemn pray'r:
 Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
 Who in the heav'n of heav'ns has fix'd thy throne,
 Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone!
 Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
 Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
 Low in the dust be laid yon' hostile spires,
 Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
 In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
 And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!

Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing pray'r
 Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:
 The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,
 Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
 Their pray'rs perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
 The barley sprinkled, and the victim flew.
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hyde,
 The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide.

in these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lie from ev'ry part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
The gen'rous Nestor thus the prince address'd.

Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when heav'n directs the way.

He said; the monarch issu'd his commands;
Strait the loud heralds call the gath'ring bands.
The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-ey'd virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful Ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above,

The fires expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asius' wat'ry plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,
Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions croud Scamander's flow'ry side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring footsteps shake the sounding shore:
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flow'rs adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bow'rs:
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions glitt'ring in the sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deep'ning lines.
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.
'The king of kings, majestically tall,
Tow'rs o'er his armies, and outshines them all:

like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
 his subject herds, the monarch of the meads.
 Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was seen,
 his strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien,
 o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
 and dawning conquest play'd around his head.

Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
 All-knowing Goddesses! immortal nine!
 Since earth's wide regions, heav'n's unmeasur'd height,
 And hell's abyfs, hide nothing from your sight,
 (We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
 But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
 Oh say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
 Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
 A throat of brass and adamantine lungs.
 Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you
 The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
 What croud'd armies, from what climes they bring,
 Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing.

The CATALOGUE of the SHIPS.

THE hardy warriors whom Boeotia bred,
 Peneleus, Leitus, Prothoenor led:
 With these Arcefilaus and Clonius stand,
 Equal in arms, and equal in command.
 These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
 And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watry fields,
 And Shoenos, Scholos, Graea near the main,
 And Mycalefia's ample piny plain.

Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
 Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
 Heleon and Hyle, which the springs o'erflow;
 And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
 Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,
 Or Thespia sacred to the God of day.
 Onchestus Neptune's celebrated groves;
 Copae, and Thisbe, fam'd for silver doves,
 For flocks Erythrae, Glissa for the vine;
 Plataea green, and Nisa the divine.
 And they whom Thebe's well-built walls inclose,
 Where Myde, Eutresis, Corone rose;
 And Arne rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
 And Anthedon, Boeotia's utmost bound.
 Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
 Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.

To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
 Who plow the spacious Orchomenian plain.
 Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
 Ialmen and Ascalaphus the strong:
 Sons of Asyoche, the heav'nly fair,
 Whose virgin charms subdu'd the God of war:
 (In Actor's court as she retir'd to rest,
 The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress)
 Their troops, in thirty sable vessels sweep
 With equal oars, the hoarse resounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
 Epistrophus and Schedius head the war.
 From those rich regions where Cephissus leads
 His silver currents thro' the flow'ry meads:

From Panopea, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
And fair Lilea views the rising flood.
These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Close, on the left, the bold Boeotians side.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oileus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands;
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,
And where Boagrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside;
In forty vessels cut the yielding tide.

Euboea next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
Th' Isteian fields for gen'rous vines renown'd,
The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her tow'rs o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighb'ring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air;
But with portended spears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough cors'lets and the brazen shields.
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,
 Led by Menestheus thro' the liquid plain,
 (Athens the fair, where great Erechtheus sway'd,
 That ow'd his nurture to the blue-ey'd maid,
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
 Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,
 Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;
 Where as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
 And all the tribes resound the Goddess' praise.)
 No chief like thee, Menestheus! Greece could yield,
 To marshal armies in the dusty field,
 Th' extended wings of battle to display,
 Or close th' embody'd host in firm array.
 Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
 For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

With these appear the Salaminian bands,
 Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
 In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
 And with the great Athenians join their force.

Next move to war the gen'rous Argive train,
 From high Troezene, and Mafeta's plain,
 And fair Ægina circled by the main:
 Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround,
 And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd:
 And where fair Asinen and Hermion show
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
 These by the brave Euryalus were led,
 Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
 But chief Tydides bore the sov'reign sway;
 In fourscore barks they plow the watry way.

The proud Mycene arms her martial pow'rs,
 Cleone, Corinth, with imperial tow'rs,
 Fair Araethyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
 And Ægion, and Adraftus' ancient reign;
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
 And where Pellene yields her fleecy store,
 Where Helice and Hyperesia lie,
 And Gonoessa's spires salute the sky.
 Great Agamemnon rules the num'rous band,
 A hundred vessels in long order stand,
 And crouded nations wait his dread command.
 High on the deck the king of men appears,
 And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
 Proud of his host, unrival'd in his reign,
 In silent pomp he moves along the main.

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
 The hardy Spartans, exercis'd in arms:
 Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
 Whom Lacedaemon's lofty hills inclose:
 Or Messe's tow'rs for silver doves renown'd,
 Amyclae, Laas, Augia's happy ground,
 And those whom Octylo's low walls contain,
 And Helos on the margin of the main:
 These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause
 In sixty ships with Menelaus draws:
 Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
 Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
 While vainly fond, in fancy oft he bears
 The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,
 Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:

From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arene her structures shows,
And Thyron's walls Alpheus' streams inclose:
And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
'Till vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heav'nly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.

Where under high Cyllene, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood;
From Ripe, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispe shook by wintry wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancaeus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Thro' roaring seas the wond'ring warriors bear;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join ;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose
Th' Olenian rock ; and where Alisium flows ;
Beneath four chiefs (a num'rous army) came ;
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In sep'rate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels thro' the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalpius one ;
(Eurytus' this, and that Teatus' son)
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line ;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest islands of the Echinades,
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his fire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses follow'd thro' the watry road,
A chief, in wisdom equal to a God.
With those whom Cephalenia's isle inclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd ;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocyliia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct fought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andraemon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,

And rough Pylene, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow thro' the main.

Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnosus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phæstus silver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels thro' the foamy seas;
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright;
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white,
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,
And shun the vengeance of th' Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a num'rous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;

Where many seas, and many suff'rings past,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the sire of men and Gods;
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And show'rs of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus fought the Trojan shore,
Nireus, whom Aglae to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those, Colydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;
With them the youth of Nisyrus repair,
Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus possesseth the sway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Theſſalus the king.

Now, muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' pow'rs,
From Alos, Alope, and Trechin's tow'rs;
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, blest
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Theſſalians all, tho' various in their name,
The same their nation, and their chief the same.

But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
 They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
 No more the foe they face in dire array;
 Close in his fleet their angry leader lay;
 Since fair Briseis from his arms was torn,
 The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus born,
 Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
 And the bold sons of great Evenus flew.
 There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
 But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylace succeed,
 Itona, famous for her fleecy breed;
 And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens;
 The bow'rs of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes,
 Sweet Pyrrhæus, with blooming flourets crown'd,
 And Antron's watry dens, and cavern'd ground.
 These own'd as chief Proteſilas the brave,
 Who now lay ſilent in the gloomy grave:
 The firſt who boldly touch'd the Trojan ſhore,
 And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
 There lies, far diſtant from his native plain;
 Unfiniſh'd his proud palaces remain,
 And his ſad conſort beats her breaſt in vain.
 His troops in forty ſhips Podarces led,
 Iphiclus' ſon, and brother to the dead;
 Nor he unworthy to command the hoſt;
 Yet ſtill they mourn'd their ancient leader loſt:
 The men who Glaphyra's fair ſoil partake,
 Where hills encircle Boebe's lowly lake.
 Where Pheræ hears the neighb'ring waters fall,
 Or proud Iolcus liſts her airy wall,

ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
With bold Eumelus, whom Alceste bore:
All Pelias' race Alceste far outshin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methone, or Thaumacia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Meliboea's fields,
With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.

Sev'n were his ships; each vessel fifty row,
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A pois'nous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length shall wish, not wish in vain.
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,
Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

Th' Oecalian race, in those high tow'rs contain'd,
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithome, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To these his skill their parent-god imparts,
Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.

Thy troops, Argissa, Polypoetes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades.

Gyrton's warriors; and where Orthe lies,
And Oloosson's chalky cliffs arise.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodame's embrace,
(That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypoetes join'd in equal sway
Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold Perrhaebians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred steam unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!

Last under Protheus the Magnesians stood,
Protheus the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows:
Or where thro' flow'ry Tempe Peneus stray'd,
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade)
In forty sable barks they stem'd the main;
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.

Say next, O muse! of all Achaia breeds,
Who bravest fought, or reign'd the noblest steeds?
Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race;

red where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
 and train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
 erce in the fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame,
 their heighth, their colour, and their age the same;
 er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
 and break the ranks, and thunder thro' the war.
 Jax in arms the first renown acquir'd,
 While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd:
 His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
 and his, th' unrival'd race of heavenly steeds)
 ut Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;
 his troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
 n empty air their sportive jav'lines throw,
 or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
 nstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
 Th' immortal coursers graze along the strand:
 ut the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
 and wand'ring o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.

Now, like a deluge, cov'ring all around,
 The shining armies sweep along the ground;
 swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
 floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
 Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
 Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
 On Arime when he the thunder throws,
 And fires Typhoeus with redoubled blows,
 Where Typhon, prest beneath the burning load,
 Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.
 But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
 speeds on the wings of winds thro' liquid air;

In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
 The old consulting, and the youths around.
 Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose
 Who from Æetes tomb observ'd the foes,
 High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
 The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
 In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
 Th' unwelcome message to the Phrygian king.

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
 Assembled armies oft have I beheld;
 But ne'er 'till now such numbers charg'd a field.
 Thick as autumnal leaves, or driving sand,
 The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
 Thou, God-like Hector! all thy force employ,
 Assemble all th' united bands of Troy;
 In just array let ev'ry leader call
 The foreign troops: this day demands them all.

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
 The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
 Nations on nations fill the dusky plain,
 Men; steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound,
 Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
 A rising mount, the work of human hands;
 (This for Myrinne's tomb th' immortals know,
 Tho' call'd Bateia in the world below)
 Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
 Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The God-like Hector, high above the rest,
 Takes his huge spear, and nods his plummy crest:
 Throngs around his native bands repair,
 And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
 Anchises' son, by Venus' stol'n embrace,
 Born in the shades of Ida's sacred grove,
 A mortal mixing with the queen of love)
 Archilochus and Acamas divide
 The warrior's toils and combat by his side.

Who fair Zelcia's wealthy valleys till,
 Sit by the foot of Ida's sacred hill;
 Or drink, Æsepus, of thy fable flood;
 Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
 To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
 Trac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.

From rich Apaesus and Adrestia's tow'rs,
 High Teree's summits and Pityea's bow'rs:
 From these the congregated troops obey
 Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway;
 Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
 The fire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom:
 Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain,
 They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Præstius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
 And Sestos and Abydos' neighb'ring strands,
 From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
 Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host:
 High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
 His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders shine,
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamas and Pyrous lead their hosts
In dread array, from Thracia's wint'ry coasts;
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus rores,
And Boreas beats the hoarse resounding shores.

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Troezenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.

Pyraechmes the Paconian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend;
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon,
Axius, that swells with all his neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylaemenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules.
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorns! ever green;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Sefamus invades the sky;
And where Parthenius, roll'd thro' banks of flow'rs,
Reflects her bord'ring palaces and bow'rs.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,
From those far regions where the sun refines
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There, mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspir'd in vain,

For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,
 Toll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite
 Th' Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Maeonia's realms reside,
 Or whom the vales in shade of Tmolus hide,

Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake;
 Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.

There, from the fields where wild Maeander flows,
 High Mycale, and Latmos' shady brows,

And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,

With mingled clamours, and with barb'rous tongues.

Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,

Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,

Who trick'd with gold, and glitt'ring on his car,

Rode like a woman to the field of war,

Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,

The river swept him to the briny main:

There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;

The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.

The forces last in fair array succeed,

Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;

The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,

Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

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BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris.

THE armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land,
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:
So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came:
In form a God! the panther's speckled hyde
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
His bended bow across his shoulder's slung,
His sword beside him negligently hung,

Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
To joys a lion, if the branching deer
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
Drest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: Him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,
To quit with a conscious sense, retires behind,
And shuns the fate he well-deserv'd to find.
As when some shepherd from the rustling trees
Not forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight.
So from the king the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh hadst thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the light,
Or dy'd at least before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host.

Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
 Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
 Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
 But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
 In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
 When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide,
 When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
 And crouds stood wond'ring at the passing show;
 Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
 You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
 Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
 And both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's eyes?
 This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,
 Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
 This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
 Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know,
 Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
 Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
 Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
 Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,
 When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
 Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
 Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks;
 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
 But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
 So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
 Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows,

like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wile can gain 'em, but the Gods bestow.
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combate stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And, on that stage of war, the cause be try'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.

While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd;
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies.
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here, in the midst, in either army's fight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood: The Spartan chief reply'd.

Me too ye warriors hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms,
And leave the rest secure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a fable, to the sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let rev'rend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of considerate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wav'ring state:
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes;

es what befall, and what may yet befall,
concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear, with rising hopes possess,
and peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.

Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
and from their chariots issu'd on the ground:

Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
lay'd their bright arms along the sable shore.

On either side the meeting hosts are seen,
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.

Two heralds now dispatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;

Salthebius hastens to the fleet, to bring

The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Mean-time, to beauteous Helen, from the skies
The various Goddesses of the rainbow flies;

Like fair Laodice in form and face,

The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race)

Her in the palace, at her loom she found;

The golden web her own sad story crown'd.

The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize)

And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.

To whom the Goddesses of the painted bow;

Approach, and view the wond'rous scene below!

Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,

So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,

Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;

Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,

In single fight to toss the beamy lance;

Each met in arms the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids Clymene and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scaean gate.

There fate the seniors of the Trojan race,
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)
The King the first; Thymoetes at his side;
Lampos and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise thro' time, and narrative with age,
In summer-day's, like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tow'r
In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r:
They cry'd, No wonder, such celestial charms,
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
Yet hence, oh heav'n! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race.

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cry'd,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
On the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws,
Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause;
The Gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile Gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and say, What Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
Tho' some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride,
Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair reply'd.

Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I dy'd, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed,
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, 'till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
My brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began.

O blest Atrides! born to prosp'rous fate,
 Successful monarch of a mighty state!
 How vast thy empire! Of yon' matchless train
 What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!
 In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
 In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
 When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
 And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
 Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
 And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.
 But far inferior those, in martial grace
 And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior-train:
 What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?
 Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
 Tho' great Atrides overtops his head.
 Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
 From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
 The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
 And, master of the flocks, surveys them round.

Then Helen thus. Whom your discerning eyes
 Have singled out, is Ithacus the wife:
 A barren island boasts his glorious birth;
 His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
 Myself, O king! have seen that wond'rous man;
 When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
 To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause;
 (Great Menelaus urg'd the same request)
 My house was honour'd with each royal guest;

knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
 Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
 Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view,
 Ulysses seated, greater rev'rence drew.
 When Atreus' son harangu'd the list'ning train,
 Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
 His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
 He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
 But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
 His modest eyes he fixt upon the ground,
 As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
 Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand;
 But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
 The copious accents fall, with easy art;
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
 Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
 What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd,
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
 And lofty stature far exceed the rest?
 Ajax the great (the beauteous queen reply'd)
 Himself a host; the Grecian strength and pride.
 See! bold Idomeneus superior tow'rs
 Amidst yon' circle of his Cretan pow'rs,
 Great as a God! I saw him once before,
 With Menelaus on the Spartan shore.
 The rest I know, and could in order name;
 All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.

Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain
Castor, and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse,
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, us one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
Perhaps their sword some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Mean-time the heralds, thro' the croud'd town,
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.
Idaeus' arms the golden goblets prest,
Who thus the venerable king address.
Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
In measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance;
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white coursers to the car:

He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
 The gentle steeds through Scaea's gates they guide;
 Next from the car descending on the plain,
 Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train
 Slow they proceed: The sage Ulysses then
 Arose, and with him rose the king of men.
 On either side a sacred herald stands,

The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
 Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
 His cutlace sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword;
 From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
 The heralds part it, and the princes share;
 Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
 He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands.

O first and greatest pow'r! whom all obey,
 Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
 Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
 From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
 Thou mother earth! and all ye living Floods!
 Infernal'furies, and Tartarean Gods,
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
 Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
 Great Menelaus press the fatal plain;
 The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
 And Greece returning plow the wat'ry deep.
 If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
 Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
 Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
 And ev'ry age record the signal day.

This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw;
The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,
And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the pow'rs divine,
While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky;
Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, rev'rend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
Heav'n only knows, for heav'n disposes all.

This said, the hoary king no longer staid,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground inclose;

Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
 Who first shall lance his pointed spear in air.
 The people pray with elevated hands,
 And words like these are heard through all the bands:
 Immortal Jove, high heav'ns superior lord,
 On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
 Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
 Oh give that author of the war to fate
 And shades eternal! let division cease,
 And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
 The lots of fight and shakes the brazen urn.
 Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
 Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
 Both armies fate, the combate to survey,
 Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
 And round the lists the gen'rous couriers neigh.
 The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
 In gilded arms magnificently bright:
 The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
 Lycaon's cors'let his fair body drest,
 Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast;
 A radiant baldric o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
 His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
 The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;
 His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes.
 With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
 The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,
With jav'lins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.
The Trojan first his shining jav'lin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.

Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.
He said, and pois'd in air the javlin sent,
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan bending from the blow,
Eludes the death and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?

When crimes provoke us, heav'n success denies;
 The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.
 Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
 Seis'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
 Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
 That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
 Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
 But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden band:
 And left an empty helmet in his hand.
 The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw;
 The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
 Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
 In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
 The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds
 (For Gods can all things) in a vail of clouds.
 Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
 And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
 With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
 And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Mean time the brightest of the female kind,
 The matchless Helen o'er the walls reclin'd:
 To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came
 In borrow'd form the laughter-loving dame.
 (She seem'd an ancient maid, well skill'd to cull
 The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
 The Goddess softly shook her silken vest,
 That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus address.

Haste, happy Nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
 Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,

Fair as a God! with odours round him spread
 He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
 Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
 But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
 She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
 Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
 And breast reveal'd the queen of soft desire.
 Struck with her presence, strait the lively red
 Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said.
 'Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
 And woman's frailty always to believe?
 Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
 Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
 For whom must Helen break her second vow?
 What other Paris is thy darling now?
 Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
 An odious conquest and a captive wife,
 Hence let me fail: and if thy Paris bear
 My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
 A hand-maid Goddess at his side to wait,
 Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
 Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
 His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
 For me, to lawless love no longer led,
 I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
 Else should I merit everlasting shame,
 And keen reproach, from ev'ry Phrygian dame:
 'Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
 Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.'

Then thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;
 O' bey the pow'r from whom thy glories rise:
 Thou'd Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly,
 And fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
 Be careful to provoke me, lest I make thee more
 The world's aversion, than their love before;
 Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
 Then, the sad victim of the public rage.

At this the fairest of her sex obey'd,
 And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
 Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
 Led by the goddesses of the smiles and loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate,
 The maids officious round their mistress wait;
 Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;
 The queen and goddesses to the prince ascend.
 Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
 Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
 Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
 Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame,
 Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
 Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword
 Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
 The boaster Paris oft' desir'd the day
 With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
 Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
 Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
 Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
 Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies; Ah cease, divinely fair,
 Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
 This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' pow'r;
 We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
 There want not gods to favour us above:
 But let the business of our life be love:
 These softer moments let delights employ,
 And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
 Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore
 My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,
 When first entranc'd in Cranae's isle I lay,
 Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!
 Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
 Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
 Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
 And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
 The stern Atrides rages round the field:
 So some fell lion whom the woods obey,
 Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.
 Paris he seeks; impatient to destroy,
 But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
 Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave
 The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
 Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose;
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our gen'rous foes!
 Hear and attest! from heav'n with conquest crown'd,
 Our brother's arms the just success have found:
 Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
 Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;

h'appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
 and age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd; his army's loud applauses rise,
 and the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies.

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T H E I L I A D.

B O O K IV.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The breach of the truce, and the first battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: They agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She perswades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book, (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:

Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen.
Two pow'rs divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid;
But high in heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,
Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, ye pow'rs! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the fates?
Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And thro' his gates the crouding nations flow.

Thus while he spoke, the queen of heav'n, enrag'd
And queen of war, in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;

But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence; and with fury spoke.

Shall then, O tyrant of th' aethereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance oe'r their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.

The fire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies,
Rises from his inmost soul, and thus replies;
Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate!
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above?
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou wou'dst confound,
And yon' fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! if yet thou thirst for more,
Slay all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,
Till vast destruction glut the queen of heav'n!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When heav'n no longer hears the name of Troy.
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,

Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
 Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
 For know, of all the num'rous towns that rise
 Beneath the rolling sun, and starry skies,
 Which gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy;
 None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
 No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
 Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race.
 Still to our names their hecatombs expire,
 And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
 Then on the thund'rer fix'd them, and replies;
 Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
 More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
 Mycenae, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
 These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
 'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
 The crime's sufficient that they share my love.
 Of pow'r superior why should I complain?
 Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
 Yet some distinction Juno might require,
 Sprung with thyself from one celestial fire,
 A goddess born to share the realms above,
 And styl'd the consort of the thund'ring Jove;
 Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
 Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
 So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
 And heav'n shall act as we direct the way.
 See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
 To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;

their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
 and the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.

The fire of men, and monarch of the sky,
 th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
 dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
 to make the breach the faithless act of Troy.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,
 and shot like lightning from Olympus' height.

As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
 to fright the nations with a dire portent,
 A fatal sign to armies on the plain.

Her trembling sailors on the wintry main)

With sweeping glories glides along in air,

and shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:

Between both armies thus, in open sight,

shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.

With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire

the pow'r descending, and the heav'ns on fire!

The Gods, (they cry'd) the Gods this signal sent,

and fate now labours with some vast event:

He seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;

He, the great arbiter of peace and wars!

They said, while Pallas thro' the Trojan throng

(in shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.

Like bold Laodocus, her course she bent,

Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.

Midst the ranks Lyeaon's son she found,

The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;

Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,

With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: Phrygian! canst thou hear
 A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
 What praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart,
 Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart?
 What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou gain
 Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain?
 Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
 Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
 But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
 To Lycian Phoebus with the silver bow,
 And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay,
 On Zelia's altars, to the God of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd,
 His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
 'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil;
 A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil;
 Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;
 The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
 And sixteen palms his brows large honours spread:
 The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
 And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
 This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
 Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends;
 There meditates the mark; and couching low,
 Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
 One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
 Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.
 Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
 Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
 Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;

He to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
His impatient weapon whizzes on the wing;
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring string.
But thee, Atrides! in that dang'rous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
Allas afflicts, and (weaken'd in its force)
Averts the weapon from its destin'd course:
From her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
First where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
There linen folds the double corslet lin'd,
He turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
Pierc'd the broad belt, and thro' the corslet drove;
He folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
When some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria or Maeonia bred,
Tints the pure ivory with a lively red;
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye;
O great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood,
Down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.
With horror seiz'd, the king of men descri'd
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The shining barb appear above the wound.
Then with a sigh that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express'd,

And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
With answer'ing sighs return'd the plaintive sound.

O dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: When heav'n's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's pow'rs and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
I see the God, already, from the pole,
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast;
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spurns the dust where Menelaus lies)

Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
And such the conquest of her king of kings!
Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
And unreveng'd, his mighty brother slain."
Ah! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
Overwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's flame.

He said: A leader's and a brother's fears
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate:
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:

Off with the rich embroider'd work around,
My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound.

To whom the king. My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose pow'rful art
May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.

Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Talthylus flies;
Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
His arms incircled with his native bands.

Then thus: Machaon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
Grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man;
Swift to his succour thro' the ranks he ran:

The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
 And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
 The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
 Strait the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
 He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
 Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd,
 Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care
 The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
 Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
 Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
 Nor had you seen the king of men appear
 Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with fear;
 But fond of glory, with severe delight,
 His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
 No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
 Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlay'd:
 But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
 The fiery couriers snorted at his side.
 On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
 And these encourages, and those reproves.
 Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
 Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
 Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
 Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
 'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
 Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd head;
 Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
 And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires.

Name to your country, scandal of your kind!

Born to the fate you well deserve to find!

Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,

Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?

Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer

Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,

Till yon' tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?

Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,

To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,

To Crete's brave monarch, and his martial throng;

High at their head he saw the chief appear,

And bold Meriones excite the rear.

At this the king his gen'rous joy express'd,

And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.

Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe

To worth like thine? what praise shall we bestow?

To thee the foremost honours are decreed,

First in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed.

For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls

Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,

Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,

Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy goblets crown'd.

Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;

Maintain thy honours, and inlarge thy fame.

To whom the Cretan thus his speech address;

Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:

Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
 Thy firm associate in the day of war.
 But let the signal be this moment giv'n;
 To mix in fight is all I ask of heav'n.
 The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
 And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with his heat, the king his course pursues
 And next the troops of either Ajax views:
 In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
 A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
 Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
 A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below;
 Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
 Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
 'Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
 The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows:
 He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock
 To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, th' embattel'd squadrons stood,
 With spears erect, a moving iron wood;
 A shady light was shot from glimm'ring shields,
 And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
 Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
 (Exclaim'd the king) who raise your eager bands
 With great examples, more than loud commands.
 Ah would the Gods but breath in all the rest
 Such souls as burn in your exalted breast!
 Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
 And Troy's proud walls lie smoaking on the ground.

Then to the next the gen'ral bends his course;
 (His heart exults, and glories in his force)
 There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
 And with inspiring eloquence commands;
 With strictest orders set his train in arms,
 The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.
 Alastor, Chromius, Haemon round him wait,
 Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
 The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
 The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;
 The middle space suspected troops supply,
 Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly:
 He gives command to curb the fiery steed.
 Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
 Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
 No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd:
 The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
 But fight, or fall; a firm, embody'd train.
 He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
 From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
 Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
 Content with jav'lins to provoke the war.
 Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
 Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
 By laws like these immortal conquests made,
 And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.
 So spoke the master of the martial art,
 And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.
 Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
 And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!

But wasting years that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with actions those:
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.

He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands;
And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infringing'd, nor heard the sounds of war;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.

Can Peteus' son forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?

From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
 The shock of armies, and commence the war.
 For this your names are call'd, before the rest,
 To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
 And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
 Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?
 Say, is it thus those honours you requite?

The first in banquets, but the last in fight.

Ulysses heard: The hero's warmth o'erspread
 His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:
 Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
 Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command,
 If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
 Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.

Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
 Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view,

Struck with his gen'rous wrath, the king replies;
 Oh great in actions, and in council wise!

With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
 Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.

Age as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
 Forgive the transport of a martial mind.

Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
 The gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
 His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:

(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side)

To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;

Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame

The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)

Can'st thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy fire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs
A peaceful guest, he fought Mycenae's tow'rs;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heav'n;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar,
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combate all those chiefs around;
Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Moeon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire;
Gods! how the son degen'rates from the fire?

No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:

Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
 Stern as his fire, the boaster thus begun.

What needs, O monarch! this invidious praise,
 Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise?

Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess

Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.

With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,

And happier saw the sev'nfold city fall.

In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;

The sons subdu'd, for heav'n was on their side.

Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,

Our glories darken their diminish'd name.

To him Tydides thus. My friend forbear,

Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:

His high concern may well excuse this rage,

Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;

His the first praise, were Ilion's tow'rs o'erthrown,

And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.

Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,

'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground

prung from his car; his ringing arms resound.

Fire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,

Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.

As when the winds, ascending by degrees,

First move the whitening surface of the seas,

The billows float in order to the shore,

The wave behind rolls on the wave before;

Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,

foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.

So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
 Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
 Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands;
 No sound, no whisper but the chief's commands,
 Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
 As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
 Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends
 A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
 As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
 In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand;
 The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
 The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills:
 Such clamours rose from various nations round,
 Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
 Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
 These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
 Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign;
 And Discord raging bathes the purple plain:
 Discord! dire sister of the slaughter'ring pow'r,
 Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour,
 While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;
 The nations bleed, where-e'er her steps she turns,
 The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd
 To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
 Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;

With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
Boar thro' a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
To mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who strook a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
Smaz'd his high crest, and thro' his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.

He sinks a tow'r, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.

Tim, the bold leader of th' Abantian throng,
Is d to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:

But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.

His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance: He falls, and spurns the field;

The nerves unbrac'd support his limbs no more;
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.

Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;

The war renews, the warriors bleed again;

As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,

Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair Simoisius fell,

Ent by great Ajax to the shades of hell:

Fair Simoisius, whom his mother bore
 Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore:
 The nymph descending from the hill of Ide,
 To seek her parents on his flow'ry side,
 Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
 And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
 Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain,
 He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
 So falls a poplar, that in wat'ry ground
 Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
 (Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel)
 Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous honours on its head;
 There left a subject to the wind and rain,
 And scorch'd by suns it withers on the plain.
 Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoisius lies
 Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax Antiphus his jav'lin threw;
 The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
 And Leucus, lov'd by wife Ulysses, flew.
 He drops the corpse of Simoisius slain,
 And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
 This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd
 Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
 Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
 In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around.
 Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
 And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.

chief stood nigh who from Abydos came,
 Old Priam's son, Democoon was his name;
 The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
 And thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear;
 With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
 His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
 Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;
 When godlike Hector seems himself to fear;
 Now he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
 The Greeks with shouts press on, and Spoil the dead;
 But Phoebus now from Ilion's tow'ring height
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
 Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;
 Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
 Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.
 Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
 The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty tow'rs
 Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan pow'rs:
 While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe,
 And shouts and thunders in the fields below.
 Then great Dioces fell, by doom divine,
 In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
 Broken rock the force of Pirus threw,
 Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew)
 All on his ankle dropt the pond'rous stone,
 Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:

Supine he tumbles on the crimson'd sands,
 Before his helpless friends, and native bands,
 And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.
 The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
 And thro' his navel drove the pointed death:
 His gushing entrails smoak'd upon the ground,
 And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conqu'ror sent,
 Deep in his breast above the pap it went,
 Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
 And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood:
 'Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
 Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
 Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
 And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
 The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
 To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
 The Thracian bands against the victor press'd;
 A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
 Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
 In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
 And one the leader of th' Epeian race;
 Death's sable shade at once o'ercaft their eyes,
 In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
 With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
 And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
 By Pallas guarded thro' this dreadful field,

Light darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play,
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,
And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The second was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The third was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1880. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly.

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BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The acts of Diomed.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray,
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And bath'd in ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;

But in a smoaky cloud the god of fire
Preserv'd the son in pity to the fire.

The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Increas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze, and shame, the Trojan crew
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;

When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
The god of battles, and this speech addrest.

Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!

Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;

And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide:

While we from interdicted fields retire,

Nor tempt the wrath of heav'n's avenging fire.

Her words allay th' impetuous warrior's heat,

The god of arms and martial maid retreat;

Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus flow'ry bounds

They sate, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Mean-time, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,

And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader slew:

First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,

His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;

As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,

The speedy jav'lin drove from back to breast.

A dust the mighty Halizonian lay,

His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel

The great Idomeneus' protended steel;

Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)

From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy.

The Cretan jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
 And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
 And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd Scamandrius expert in the chace,
 In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
 Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
 To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
 But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
 The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
 From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent,
 Through his broad back and heaving bosom went:
 Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
 His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
 Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
 Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
 The graceful fabric and the fair design;
 For lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
 To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
 Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
 The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
 But he, the mystic will of heav'n unknown,
 Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
 The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,
 The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.
 Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,
 Between the bladder and the bone it past;
 Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
 And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From Meges' force the swift Pedaeus fled,
 Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
 Whose gen'rons spouse, Theano, heav'nly fair,
 Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
 How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
 Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;
 Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
 And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
 Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line,
 Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
 Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
 Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
 On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand,
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand. }
 Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death
 Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'ring parts engag'd,
 In ev'ry quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,
 Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
 Apt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain,
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
 Hours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
 Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
 Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
 Overwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;
 The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!

While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand :
His bended bow against the chief he drew ;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore ;
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds !
Lo ! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain ;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful ; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd ;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound ;
When thus the king his guardian pow'r address'd,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest.

O progeny of Jove ! unconquer'd maid !
If e'er my godlike fire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field ;
Now, goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight

And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard,
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits chear'd;
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light!
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (she cry'd) in ev'ry combate shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring deities.

These see thou shun, through all th' embattled plain,
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: So Pallas gives command.

With that, the blue-cy'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars: the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey.
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.

Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
 And two brave leaders at an instant flew:
 Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
 His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd;
 Astynous breast the deadly lance receives,
 Hypenor's shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
 Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage,
 Abas and Polydus to engage;
 Sons of Eurydamas, who wife and old,
 Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
 The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
 And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
 No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
 Though now determin'd by Tydides' spear.

Young Xanthus next, and Thoon felt his rage,
 The joy and hope of Phaenops' feeble age;
 Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
 Of all his labours, and a life of cares,
 Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
 And leaves their father's unavailing tears:
 To strangers now descends his heapy store,
 The race forgotten, and the name no more.
 Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
 Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side.
 As when the lordly lion seeks his food
 Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
 He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
 Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground
 So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,
 Their steeds and chariot to the navy born.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
 The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,
 Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
 Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes.
 At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
 To whom the chief of Venus' race begun.

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
 Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
 Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrival'd fame,
 And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
 Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
 That wond'rous force by which whole armies fall:
 Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
 To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice;
 Which oh avert from our unhappy state!
 For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
 Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with pray'r;
 If man, destroy; if God, intreat to spare.

To him the Lycian. Whom your eyes behold,
 If right I judge, is Diomed the bold.
 Such courses whirl him o'er the dusty field,
 So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.
 If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's disguise;
 Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies
 Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
 And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
 I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
 The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell,
 And, but some God, some angry God withstands,
 His fate was due to these unerring hands.

Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
 Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
 Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
 And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
 There vail'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
 And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
 The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
 When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
 In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,
 And through the ranks of death triumphant ride.
 But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
 I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
 And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown
 Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town:
 So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
 And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
 These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
 Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
 And undissembled gore pursue the wound.
 In vain they bled: This unavailing bow
 Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
 In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
 And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
 Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,
 Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
 If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
 If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
 This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
 Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
 e calm, nor Phoebus' honour'd gift disgrace.
 The distant dart be prais'd, though here we need
 The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.
 gainst yon hero let us bend our course,
 nd, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
 Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
 bserve my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;
 ractis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace,
 To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
 e cure with these, through fighting fields we go,
 r safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
 KNOW haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein:
 The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;
 r if to combat thy bold heart incline,
 Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd)
 as thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
 nd, The horses practis'd to their lord's command,
 hall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand.
 ut if unhappy, we desert the fight,
 Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
 lse shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
 and these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
 Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
 Myself shall charge this terror of the field.

And now both heroes mount the glitt'ring car;
 The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
 Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd,
 Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd.

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
 Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
 Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
 And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
 Enough is giv'n to fame, ascend thy car;
 And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
 Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
 Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?
 Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
 Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
 I hate the cumb'rous chariot's slow advance,
 And the long distance of the flying lance;
 But while my nerves are strong, my force intire,
 Thus front the foe, and emulate my fire.
 Nor shall yon' steeds that fierce to fight convey
 Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
 One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
 So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
 But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
 Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;
 Swift to Æneas' empty-seat proceed,
 And seize the coursers of aethereal breed.
 The race of those, which once the thund'ring God
 For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.

Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown,
 By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
 And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
 These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
 Through the wide world should make our glory known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
 And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,
 The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the pond'rous lance, and flung,
 On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
 Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.

He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)
 Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!
 Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;

Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:
 Ye 'scape not both; one headlong from his car,
 With hostile blood shall glut the god of war.

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
 Which driv'n by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
 Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
 The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
 Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
 Headlong he falls, his-helmet knocks the ground;
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
 The starting coursers tremble with affright;
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
 His spear extending where the carcass lies;

Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
 He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
 And threats aloud: The Greeks with longing eyes
 Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
 Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields
 Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such men as live in these degenerate days.
 He swung it round; and gath'ring strength to throw,
 Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.
 Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
 Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
 And stript the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
 Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,
 His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
 There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
 Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
 But heav'nly Venus, mindful of the love
 She bore Anchises in th' Idaean grove,
 His danger views with anguish and despair,
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
 About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
 Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.
 Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
 The swords wave harmless, and the jav'lines fail:

Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands;
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heav'nly coursers with the flowing manes:
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.
That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,
Or fierce Bellona thund'ring at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the Goddess his broad lance extends;
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god:

Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
 Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:
 (For not the bread of man their life sustains,
 Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
 With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,
 And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
 Him Phoebus took: he casts a cloud around
 The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
 The king insults the Goddess as she flies.
 Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree;
 The field of combat is no scene for thee:
 Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,
 Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.
 Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
 And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus. The Goddess, seiz'd with dread,
 Confus'd, distract'd, from the conflict fled.
 To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
 Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
 The queen of love with faded charms she found,
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
 To Mars, who sate remote, they bent their way;
 Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
 Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
 Low at his knee she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,
 And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides giv'n,
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.

Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
 And to her hand commits the golden rein;
 She mounts the seat oppress'd with silent woe,
 Driv'n by the Goddess of the painted bow.
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies.
 There stopp'd the car, and there the courfers stood,
 Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food,
 Before her mother Love's bright queen appears,
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish and dissolv'd in tears;
 She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
 And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?

Then she; This insult from no God I found,
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
 Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
 'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.
 The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage;
 But with the gods (th' immortal gods) engage.

Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,
 And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share:
 Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
 And men with woes afflict the gods again.
 The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
 And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
 Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
 Perhaps had perish'd; had not Hermes' care
 Restor'd the groaning god to upper air.
 Great Juno's self has born her weight of pain,
 Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;

Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
 Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' pow'r confess,
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
 To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
 Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
 Where Paeon sprinkling heav'nly balm around,
 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
 Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,
 And drench his arrows in the blood of gods!

But thou (tho' Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,
 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
 From fields of death when late he shall retire,
 No infant on his knees shall call him sire.
 Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,
 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;
 Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
 Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
 Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
 The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
 The sacred Ichor, and infus'd the balm.
 Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
 And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd maid.

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
 How this mischance the Cyprian queen befel.
 As late she try'd with passion to inflame
 The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,

Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
 To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
 The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,
 Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

The fire of Gods and men superior smil'd,
 And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child.
 Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
 Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars;
 Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
 To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heav'n: While on the plain below
 The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
 Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,
 And fearless dar'd the threatning God of day;
 Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
 Tho' screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
 Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
 His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook;
 He try'd the fourth; when breaking from the cloud,
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see
 How vast the diff'rence of the gods and thee;
 Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine
 Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
 And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
 He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
 Then Phoebus bore the chief of Venus' race
 To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;

Latona there and Phoebe heal'd the wound,
 With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
 This done, the patron of the silver bow
 A Phantome rais'd, the same in shape and show
 With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
 And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd.
 Meantime on Ilion's tow'r Apollo stood,
 And calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging god.
 Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall,
 Who bathe in blood, and shake the embattl'd wall,
 Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
 Dispatch you' Greek, and vindicate the gods.
 First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;
 Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:
 The wretch would brave high heav'n's immortal fire,
 His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.

The God of battle issues on the plain,
 Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train:
 In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
 Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
 And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?
 Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
 And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
 Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
 Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd:
 Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part,
 He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.

Harpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
 And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd.
 Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost,
 Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
 That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
 Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
 Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
 And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.
 Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
 Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
 Far distant hence I held my wide command,
 Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
 With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
 A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
 With those I left whatever dear could be;
 Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
 Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear.
 While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
 Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
 Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state;
 Or one vast burst of all-involving fate
 Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away
 Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
 Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
 These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
 With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
 Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.
 Stung to the heart the gen'rous Hector hears,
 But just reproof with decent silence bears.

From his proud car the prince impetuous springs;
 On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
 Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;
 Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
 Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight,
 They turn, they stand: the Greeks their fury dare,
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war.

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
 Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
 And the light chaff, before the breezes born,
 Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
 The grey dust, rising with collected winds,
 Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds.
 So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
 From trampling steeds, and thund'ring charioteers.
 The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
 And roll in smoaking volumes to the skies.
 Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
 And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:
 Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfill
 In Troy's defence Apollo's heav'nly will:
 Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires,
 Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires,
 And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
 Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;
 Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
 Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound:
 Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
 No pause of words admits, no dull delay;

Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses bath'd in hostile blood:
Embodied close, the lab'ring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain;
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattel'd clouds in dark array
Along the skies their gloomy lines display,
When now the North his boist'rous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,
The low-hung vapours motionless and still,
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
'Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the gen'ral wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates, and yourselves reveret
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance;
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:

Long had he fought the foremost in the field;
 But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
 His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
 Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;
 The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
 His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas brandishing his blade,
 In dust Orfilochus and Crethon laid,
 Whose sire Diocleus, wealthy, brave and great,
 In well-built Pherae held his lofty seat:
 Sprung from Alpheus, plenteous stream! that yields
 Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.
 He got Orfilochus, Diocleus he,
 And these descended in the third degree.
 Too early expert in the martial toil,
 In fable ships they left their native soil,
 T' avenge Atrides: now, untimely slain,
 They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
 So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood
 In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
 Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd
 Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold;
 'Till pierc'd at distance from their native den,
 O'erpowr'd they fall beneath the force of men.
 Prostrate on Earth their beauteous bodies lay,
 Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.
 Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
 Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
 Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
 The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.

He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
 Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
 Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,
 And all his country's glorious labours vain.
 Already met the threat'ning heroes stand;
 The spears already tremble in their hand:
 In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
 And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.
 These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
 Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
 The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew;
 Then mix in combate, and their toils renew.

First Pylaemenes, great in battle, bled,
 Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led.
 Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
 Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
 The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight.
 His flying coursers, sunk to endless night:
 A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
 His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone,
 From his numb'd hand the iv'ry studded reins,
 Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
 Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound;
 He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground:
 Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
 The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air:
 'Till trampled flat beneath the coursers feet,
 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view
 Pours on the Greeks: The Trojan troops pursue:

He fires his host with animating cries,
 And brings along the furies of the skies.
 Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head;
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light;
 Where Hector march'd, the God of battles shin'd,
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydidcs paus'd amidst his full career;
 Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
 And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
 If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
 And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
 Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
 Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at last.
 Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands;
 He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands.

No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
 Secure of fav'ring gods, he takes the field;
 His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
 Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
 Retire then, warriors! but sedate and slow;
 Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
 Trust not too much your unavailing might;
 'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
 And first two leaders valiant Hector slew,
 His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
 In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd;

In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
 And fought united, and united dy'd.
 Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
 With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
 His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
 Thro' Amphius belt and heaving belly went:
 Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,
 With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd;
 But Fate resistless from his country led
 The chief, to perish at his people's head.
 Shook with his fall the brazen armour rung,
 And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring Ajax sprung;
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
 Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he press'd,
 And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast:
 He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd
 To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plummy pride.
 Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
 With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
 Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,
 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
 Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
 Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
 Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
 Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
 Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
 Prepar'd for combat, ere the lance he tost,
 The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast.

What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
 Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,
 Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
 How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
 How vast the diff'rence of their deeds and thine!
 Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul
 No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.
 Troy felt his arm, and yon' proud ramparts stand
 Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
 With six small ships, and but a slender train,
 He left the town, a wide-deserted plain.
 But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
 While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
 Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be,
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
 Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go!
 I make this present to the shades below.

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
 Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd.

Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
 Whose perjur'd monarch well-deserv'd his fate;
 Those heav'nly steeds the hero sought so far,
 False he detain'd, the just reward of war:
 Nor so content, the gen'rous chief defy'd,
 With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
 But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
 Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost;
 Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,
 Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said: both jav'lins at an instant flew;
 Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's flew:
 Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
 Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
 The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
 And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
 Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone
 Sarpedon's thigh, had rob'd the chief of breath;
 But Jove was present, and forbad the death.
 Born from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
 The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
 (His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,
 Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
 The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
 Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;
 Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
 Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
 But heav'n and fate the first design withstand,
 Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.
 Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
 Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strow'd the plain,
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fell,
 And numbers more his sword had sent to hell:
 But Hector saw; and furious at the sight,
 Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
 With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
 And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief.

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
 My helpless corps, an unassisted prey;

If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
 My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,
 Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
 Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
 But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,
 Swift as a whirlwind drives the scatt'ring foes,
 And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
 His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
 Brave Pelagon, his fav'rite chief, was nigh,
 Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh:
 The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
 And o'er his eye-balls swum the shades of night;
 But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
 Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.
 The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
 Tho' Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
 None turn their backs to mean-ignoble flight,
 Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
 Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
 Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?
 Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
 For manag'd steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground;
 Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;
 Oresbius last fell groaning at their side;
 Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,
 In fat Boeotia held his wealthy sway,
 Where lakes surround low Hyle's watry plain;
 A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
 And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-ey'd maid,
 Oh sight accurst! shall faithless Troy prevail,
 And shall our promise to our people fail?
 How vain the word to Menelaus giv'n
 By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heav'n,
 Beneath his arms that Priam's tow'rs should fall;
 If warring gods for ever guard the wall!
 Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
 Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
 And now heav'n's empress calls her blazing car.
 At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
 Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
 Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
 Such as the heav'ns produce: and round the gold
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
 Traces of gold suspend the moving throne:
 The car behind an arching figure bore;
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.
 Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
 And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
 Herself, impatient, to the ready car
 The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd,
 (The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)
 Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
 Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
 Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
 Dire, black, tremendous! round the margin roll'd,
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
 Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,
 That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes;
 So vast, the broad circumference contains
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
 The goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;
 Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
 Pond'rous and huge; that when her fury burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge th' etherial courfers fly,
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
 Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden gates kept by the winged hours;
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.

The sounding hinges ring : on either side
 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies
 Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise ;
 Where far apart the thund'rer fills his throne,
 O'er all the Gods, superior and alone
 There with her snowy hand the queen restrains
 The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains.

O fire! can no resentment touch thy soul?

Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?

What lawless rage on yon' forbidden plain,

What rash destruction! and what heroes slain?

Venus, and Phoebus with the dreadful bow,

Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.

Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind

No god can govern, and no justice bind.

Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,

And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

To whom assenting, thus the thund'rer said :

Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.

To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,

And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.

He said ; Saturnia, ardent to obey,

Lash'd her white steeds along th' aerial way.

Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,

Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.

Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,

O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye ;

Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,

At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound,

Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine
 Where silver Simois and Scamander join.
 There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)
 Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew
 On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.
 Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
 Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.
 The best and bravest of the Grecian band
 (A warlike circle) round Tydides stand;
 Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming bears, the terror of the wood.
 Heav'n's empress mingles with the mortal croud,
 And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud:
 Stentor, the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
 Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.
 Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,
 And only men in figure and in name!
 Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
 While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd,
 Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,
 Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
 While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;
 The king beside his panting steeds she found,
 O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
 To cool his glowing wound he sate apart,
 (The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart)
 Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
 Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,

Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulder lay,
 He eas'd; and wash'd the clotted gore away.
 The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
 Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke.

Degen'rate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
 Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
 Foremost he prest in glorious toils to share,
 And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war:
 Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go;
 And feast incircled by the Theban foe;
 There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;
 Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.
 Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
 Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
 But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
 No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid!
 I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.
 Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,
 Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
 From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
 And Venus only found resistance here.
 Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
 Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
 For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
 With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear!
 Not Mars himself, nor ought immortal fear.
 Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:
 Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.

Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
 And ev'ry side of wav'ring combate tries;
 Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;
 Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
 The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends,
 Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.
 The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
 So great a hero, and so great a God.
 She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
 And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:
 But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
 Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.
 Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
 The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
 The God who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
 Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
 Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
 The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
 Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
 From Mars his arm th'enormous weapon fled:
 Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
 Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
 Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
 The jav'lin hiss'd, the Goddess urg'd it on:
 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
 It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
 The smoaking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:

Loud, as the roar encountring armies yield,
 When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field;
 Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
 And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.
 As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
 Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
 Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
 Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;
 In such a cloud the God from combat driv'n,
 High o're the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.
 Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,
 There sullen fate beneath the fire of gods,
 Show'd the celestial blood, and with a grone
 Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:

Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
 And brook the furies of this daring day?
 For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage,
 And gods on gods exert eternal rage.
 From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
 And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
 Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.
 All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,
 Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
 'Tis her's t' offend, and ev'n offending share
 Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
 So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
 Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.
 Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
 Against th'immortals lifts his raging hand:

The heav'nly Venus first his fury found,
 Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound:
 Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the god of fight,
 From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
 Else had'st thou seen me sunk on yonder plain,
 Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
 Or pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
 Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
 The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.
 To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
 Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
 Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
 Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
 No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells,
 And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
 In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use;
 She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
 Yet long th' insisted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
 Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heav'nly born.
 Else, sing'd with lightning, had'st thou hence been
 thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
 Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
 Then gave to Paeon's care the bleeding God.
 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
 And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.

As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and so soon, th'aetherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he fate, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of heav'n's superior lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

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T H E I L I A D.

B O O K VI.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Epifodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail.

Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to intreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and having taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight: th'immortals yield
 To human force and human skill, the field:
 Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
 Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
 While Troy's fam'd streams that bound the deathful
 plain

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
 Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
 The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,
 And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
 His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest
 Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
 Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
 And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
 Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
 Axylus, hospitable, rich and good:

In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
 He held his seat; a friend to human race.
 Fast by the road, his ever-open door
 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
 To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
 His faithful servant, old Calesius dy'd.

By great Euryalus was Drefus slain,
 And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
 Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
 From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:

Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiads grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polyphaetes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Tear'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atreides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fall'n chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd.

Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow;

When fame shall tell, that not in battle slain
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain,
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told;
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart,
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words with warmth address'd
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;
Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon' glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
 And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd;
 Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
 Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast;
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th'immortals lay
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
 Wise to consult, and active to defend!
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
 Ere yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.
 When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;
 Press'd as we are, and fore of former fight,
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Meanwhile, thou Hector to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the Gods require:
 Direct the queen to lead th'assembled train
 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
 Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
 With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread;
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,

And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
 Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.

Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battel rise.
 With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
 All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears.
 Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless Dardans hear!
 And you whom distant nations send to war!
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
 Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
 One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
 To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
 Nor shall, I trust, the matrons hollow train,
 And rev'rend elders, seek the gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
 His neck o'ershading, to his ancle hung;
 And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle, (godlike Hector gone)
 When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son

Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
 Near as they drew, Tydides thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
 Our eyes, 'till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
 Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattel'd field:
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
 Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
 But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend;
 Know, with immortals we no more contend.
 Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
 That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight;
 Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove
 With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove,
 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
 While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
 And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling God.
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
 (Th' immortals blest with endless ease above)
 Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
 Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
 Then sunk unpy'd to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the gods!
 I brave not heav'n: but if the fruits of earth
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,
 (Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' son inquire?
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise;
 So generations in their course decay,
 So flourish these, when those are past away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
 (Argos the fair for warlike steeds renown'd)
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
 Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty Praetus Argos' sceptres sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
 For him, Antaea burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame;
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Praetus fled,
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:

To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due;
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate shew'd:
 The fatal tablets 'till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
 First dire Chimaera's conquest was enjoin'd:
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd, (for he read the skies,
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies;)
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
 (Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.
 Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side.

Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
 At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
 With levell'd spears along the winding shore;
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief
 Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief;
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain;
 With half the honours of his ample reign.

The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
 There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest'd,
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove:)
 But when at last, distracted in his mind,
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,
 Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
 Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phoebe's dart;
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
 In combat on the Solymæan plain.
 Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came;
 The honour'd author of my birth and name;
 By his decree I fought the Trojan town,
 By his instructions learn to win renown,
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honours to my native land,
 Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race.

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
 Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
 Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old;
 Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:

Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
 The parting heroes mutual presents left;
 A golden goblet was thy grandsires gift;
 Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline,
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon' ample field;
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either host
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind)
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price)
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scaean gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids

Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the Gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
 Twelve domes for them, and their lov'd spouses shone,
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.
 { With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race)
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
 Com'st thou to supplicate th' Almighty pow'r,
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
 Stay, 'till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right,

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd) }
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. }
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.
 By me that holy office were prophan'd;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heav'n's great fire polluted praise.
 You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
 Be this, O mother, your religious care;
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.
 This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.

There lay the vestures, of no vulgar art,
 Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes,
 She chose a vail that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come,
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.

Oh awful Goddess! ever dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.

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Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part
 Assembling architects of matchless art.
 Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length.
 The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus ent'ring in the glitt'ring rooms, he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
 Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.
 Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
 (Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
 Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
 For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
 Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
 For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
 Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
 Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
 Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
 And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
 Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:

Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief!
 On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
 Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
 And mourn'd in secret, his, and Ilion's fate.
 'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
 Conquest to day my happier sword may bless,
 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
 Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son:
 When Helen thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
 That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name!
 Wou'd heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done
 The day, that show'd me to the golden sun,
 Had seen my death! why did not whirlwinds bear
 The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
 Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
 And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd?
 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
 Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
 Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
 Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
 With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
 The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,
 Our present woe, and infamy to come:
 Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
 Example sad! and theme of future song.

The chief reply'd: this time forbids to rest:
 The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,
 Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
 The combate urges, and my soul's on fire,
 Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
 And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
 Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
 My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
 This day, some God who hates our Trojan land
 May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
 At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
 She, with one maid of all her menial train,
 Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
 Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
 Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
 Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
 Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
 Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:

To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her absent Lord:
 Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
 Swift thro' the town he trode his former way,
 Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state;
 And met the mourner at the Scaean gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Action's wealthy heir:
 (Cilician Thebe great Action sway'd,
 And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade)
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind:
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb?
 So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
 His fate compassion in the victor bred;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd,
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd.
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:

Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,
Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others in the fields their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief reply'd: that post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in-arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the
Attaint the lustre of my former name, [ground,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
 The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In Argive looms our battels to design,
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, behold the mighty Hector's wife!
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs shall waken at the name;
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
 Prest with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child,

The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground:
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou, whose glory fills th' aethereal throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.

No force can then resist, no flight can save,
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more——but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom,
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men.
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes,
 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
 That stream'd at ev'ry look: then moving slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
 There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
 Thro' all her train the soft infection ran,
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
 And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
 But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
 Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
 Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
 The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
 Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
 And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms ally'd!
Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess.
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to heav'n and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant thro' her seas returns.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

